

*Taylor Gibbs*

**My Descent**

Every time the trumpet sounds,  
the tumult in the clouds,  
has left me here  
upon the ground  
deaf in tattered shrouds.

I wake below a jaundiced sky,  
where murderous crows rejoice,  
watch them flap their hoary wings  
and bray immortal voice.

Slinking through the shadows, I,  
slip below the ground,  
as if in each darkling plain  
an ancient gate is found.

To ward off light and feathers bright,

I must hide away,  
and walk until the last Hurrah!

Of the human's judgement day.

Descending Angels show their place,  
with blank and interstellar face,  
they bring their trumpets to the Earth,  
then I shall feast on all that light  
as I place them in my hearth!

**My Mind**

The voices crawl across my brain  
like spiders on a thread.  
Pinching nerves that spread their pain  
like prophets of the dead.  
They arrive in writhing masses,  
their legs upturned and flicking  
trying to impale my flies  
like bloody pigs upon the sticking.  
The voices shout and whisper  
in a cadenced drone of lies  
that mingles with the buzzing  
of a million writhing flies.  
They build their webs to catch them  
and devour wholly men,  
until they find the last fly buzz  
and devour all again.  
Reeling and spinning  
the whole world is oblique.  
I feel it swivel jarringly  
just below my feet.  
Once the voices start to speak.

**School of Thought**

The wretched dark halls of this institution of mental decay  
in which we thrive illicitly.

Devouring sin and meat  
on platters clotted and congealed.

Lured and incapacitated,  
we fall to eroticism, and alluring fantasy.  
A grandiose dream of other planes and reality,  
all-encompassing colourful worlds  
of our mindscape.

In the brightest lit corners and expanses,  
Therein, unencumbered,  
we evaporate in a bloody mist – drained  
by these creatures of thought and school.

**Bodig**

This house I dwell  
is a vacant room  
in a decaying motel.  
Bare bone dry,  
cut and peeling.  
No furniture to sit  
under a fractured ceiling.  
The walls lay bare,  
no decorum there  
or anywhere.  
The windows fill, with tears  
as white as milk, but not a drop does spill.  
Only spider silk, in the attic; the only threads that remain.  
This house, my room, once haunted with life;  
Chasing old psyche maniacally with a putty knife.  
As rain pelts like nails, tearing seams, shrieking along the grass  
The specters leaving, gone, left,  
spitting rain like shards of glass  
Into the sunset.